THE OBSERVER.

BY BEATRICE IRONSIDE.

The friend of Socrates, the friend of Plato,
But above all, the friend of truth.

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ALMORAN AND SELIMA.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

In the city of Bagdad lived Almoran, the son of Ibrahim.... His person was noble as the stately oak in the forest; his mind unsullied as the meridian beam from the sun. His bounty wiped away the tear from the eye of the orphan; nor did the mourning of the widow ever pass unregarded at his gate. In fine, he was so amiable and deserving, that by all who beheld him, he was admired; and by all who knew him, respected and beloved.

Among a great variety of virgins who sighed for the heart of Almoran, the most beautiful was Selima, a damsel of Balsora, and for her he felt a flame as pure and ardent as her own.... Her cheeks were rosy as the blush of morning: her eyes as sparkling as the diamond of Golconda. Her bosom was as white as the swan upon the waters, and gentle as the mid-summer murmur of the stream. How often, ye groves of Balsora, have ye echoed with the fame of her beauty! How often, ye vallies of Bagdad, have you resounded with her praise!

Almoran and Selima were not more distinguished for their excellent qualities, than for their mutual passion; and as neither of them had any parents to oppose their wishes, a day was appointed for the celebration of their nuptials, to the universal joy of their respective friends. Almoran, impatient for the happy moment, was incessantly feasting his imagination with visionary raptures. Selima not less impatient, though more restrained in her expressions of the approaching felicity, painted equally warm to her fancy, the blissful society of all she held dear. But how vain and visionary the expectations of a mortal! While the lovers were thus enhancing the present, by the most pleasing reflections on the future, an order arrived at Bagdad, commanding Selima to attend at the court of the Caliph, who had, for some time past, been entertained with various reports of her unparalelled beauty, and wanted to see whether the encomiums of which all were lavish, were correspondent to reality;

or the mere effusions of exaggeration. Neither her religion nor her allegiance could allow Selima to dispute a moment the orders of the Commander of the Faithful, who was worshipped, with implicit reverence, by all his people, as the lineal successor of the sacred prophet. Selima, therefore, was conveyed immediately, with a bleeding heart, to the palace; and the instant the Caliph beheld her, she was declared the favourite sultana.

Language cannot speak the anguish of the lovers, thus unexpectly torn forever from each other. The moment Almoran heard that the heart of the Caliph was captivated by Selima, he regarded life with indifference and detestation; and unable to support the inexpressible agonies of his mind, he considered the angel of death as the only minister of repose. For two days and two nights, he wandered in a state of distraction, in the different rooms of his house; invoking, in a thousand intervals of desperation, the name of his irrevocably-lost Selima. At last, becoming somewhat calmer, he began to review the various occurrences of his life, in order to discover in what instance he had given Mahomet such unpardonable offence, as to meet with a punishment so insufferably severe. After ruminating a long time, and finding nothing to reproach himself with but some youthful indiscretions, which had been more than expiated by a thousand virtuous actions, he insensibly dropped upon one knee, and thus began to expostulate with the Supreme Governour of all:

'Thou Great Creator of the Universe, who sitteth enthroned above the seven heavens, mercifully look down upon the most wretched of mankind, who has, nevertheless, constantly maintained the most profound veneration for thy holy laws. Tell him, O thou infinitely High! Inform him, O thou ineffably Just, why he, who has ever made it the study of his life to deserve thy approbation, is doomed to suffer what the most impious violator of thy divine will would consider as a punishment too severe for the most atrocious of his crimes.'

Almoran had scarcely uttered these words, when the loud thunder shook the house, and an extraordinary brightness illumined the room. When he had recovered himself a little from the astonishment into which this wonderful visitation threw him, a voice, as awful as the trumpet of heaven, thus addressed him: 'Arraign no more, mistaken man, the justice and goodness of the Supreme Being, who, although he acts by secret springs and seeming severities, is ever attentive to the happiness of the virtuous, and perfectly consistent in all his laws. Know, Almoran, that this world is a transitory bubble that must soon burst upon the ocean of time; that life, at best, is but a short voyage, in which every passenger must expect some disagreeble gales, in order to prove the sincerity and constancy of his

dependence on Infinite goodness, and to render himself worthy of entering into an everlasting port. Without some tempests in the ocean of life, the tide of prosperity would frequently swell the creature into a forgetfulness of the Creator, and reduce him to a more dangerous situation than that into which the most tremendous storms could plunge him—a total indifference to his God. In mercy, therefore, to man, a variety of shoals, and rocks, and quick-sands are thrown in his way, to keep alive, in this world, a constant sense of his dependence on the Divine Being, and to enable him to steer his bark aright, that in a future state he may arrrive at everlasting happiness. But exclusive of this general order in the state of things, know, Almoran, that it is because thou art a favourite of heaven, that Selima was torn from thy arms. Know, O man, and shudder at the thought, that thy intended bride was thy sister. Thy father Ibrahim, in a journey to Balsora, was admitted to the Cadi's wife, and the fruit of their guilty commerce was Selima. Almoran, be comforted: I have visited Selima, and given her the same information and the same advice. She is at ease; do thou remain so too: never more doubt the goodness of Providence, who from seeming evil constantly deduces good, and will never fail, (at least in another stage of existence) ultimately to reward those who regard with an unceasing assistance, the various dispensations of their benevolent Creator.'

Almoran, thus admonished, was taught resignation and acquiesence. The ardour of his passion for the lost Selima subsided into the gentle tenderness of recollection, which did not prevent, a few years afterward, the indulgence of a virtuous affection for another amiable object, who though inferiour in beauty to Selima, was not inferiour to her in all the virtues of the mind. To her Almoran was united. With her he lived many years in happiness, and left a blooming offspring who succeeded to his virtues and his fortunes. The eldest of these, who attained to the dignity of Grand Vizer to the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, ordered this memorable history to be recorded in the annals of Bagdad:...to teach the erring mortal, that would wander comfortless through the gloomy shades of fearful apprehension and tormenting mistrust, that the Most High reigneth over all, ever-present and omniscient: that he regardeth all his creatures with unceasing benignity; that his most severe dispensations (productive as they may appear to be of momentary infelicity) tend, in their final issue, to the good of all his creatures, and more particularly of those who sincerely endeavour to merit his favour and protection, by the unceasing sentiments of piety and unremitted exeitions of virtue.

For the Observer.

THE SPECULATIONS OF

ABEL ELKITON, ESQUIRE.

CRITICISM.

"Clothes make the man, and want of them the fellow,
"For what is worth when not clad in prunello?"

SETH VAN DE GRIFF.

The present speculation is designed as a critique on one of the productions of that "unheard of" opposer of Pope, the learned Seth Van de Griff.

In his preface to his "Essay on Clothes," he informs us, that two reasons prompted him to compose it: firstly, it would be an *original;* secondly, it gave him an opportunity of "shewing himself in the literary world, because his *intended* adversary, was at that time already esteemed a man of great literary talents.... Although he was a man of extensive erudition, as appears from his "Ode on Tobacco" and several other fugitive pieces, I cannot avoid thinking, that, like most of *our* would-be literati, he has indulged too much in invective.

The work is divided into two parts. I have said above that his intention was to "shew himself" by his opposition to Pope; he therefore begins and finishes the first part, without saying a word concerning his subject...a manner of writing not uncommon at present. The second proves him to be an orignal indeed. To prevent the "doubtless great" anxiety of my readers, to know the plan of the work, I subjoin an argument of the whole work.

ARGUMENT.

Part first.....Our author proves from the history of Adam and Eve, that clothes became necessary through the loss of innocence; cautions the ladies, lest they should wish to appear *too innocent* by wearing as few as possible. Too much genial warmth absorbed from the ladies' necks, &c. by exposure to the chilling atmosphere. Reason why women never excel in any thing which requires a warm imagination. There I differ from our author, being convinced that they should be allowed *decent liberties,* because, the reading of *novels and romances,* which are so many sources of genial warmth, must, through its prevalency, over-heat their imaginations. Who was the first taylor? After a learned disquisition, our author allows it to be doubtful. Taylors give a martial appearance to the defenders of their country; digression;...reflections on war; the tree of peace; the tomahawk buried at its root; *quere,* which are the most suitable people to dig it up? prefers the *grave-diggers*; genealogy of Mars; in war people very apt to be *marred*; in peace to be *married*; not much difference; Sparta; Lycurgus no encourager of taylors; Spartan fashions. End of Part First. It is worthy of

remark, that our outhor is very fond of shewing his learning: *mais n'importe*, we have examples enough to justify him.

PART SECOND.

Each principal part of a work as important as the present, should begin with something sublime. Preface.

Grand apostrophe to taylors. Adverts to the malicious proverb of "nine taylors make a man"; proves there are nine muses; takes the square root, which agrees with the number of the Graces; Pope *naturally* unnatural; of course irreducible; can't get exact square or any other root; therefore must be a *surd*. Suppose a man well drest; another ill drest; the former bows like a dancing master; the latter scrapes unfashionably: grand popular distinction; the former is a gentleman, though perhaps a villain; the latter a savage and ill-bred, though perhaps of more merit and virtue; hence the phrase, "get into a scrape"; accuses Pope of wearing stays; Pope's head between his shoulders, reason why he has a warm imagination; Pope wants originality in his comparisons; compares him to a Dutchman's pipe. Grand allegory; a taylor's shop the temple of fortune; compares a taylor to one of the fates, differing in one respect, that the former cuts *cloth*, the latter *thread*. End of second part.

Our author, as may be seen from the above argument, has taken precisely the same way to "make himself known" as certain miserable scribblers of *a later date*, that is he has endeavoured to ridicule a man of acknowledged literary talents; yet instead of the works, he attacks the *person* of his unconscious adversary, whom every body knows to have been deformed.

To those who view every thing through the "Spectacles of Ignorance," he may appear to have been successful, because Pope never condescended to notice him: but to every clear sighted "Observer" his attempts appear equally vain as himself.

ABEL ELKITON.

For the Observer.

The character of the admirable Crehton has been often mentioned in periodical publications. We shall not say that we find an exact counterpart in the character given us of Giovanni Pico, of Mirandula, but circumstances of resemblance sufficiently striking to render a brief account of them perhaps deserving a small corner in the OBSERVER.

Giovanni was one of the younger children of Giovanni Francisco Pico, Prince of Mirandula and Concordia. So quick was his apprehension, so retentive his memory, that we are told a single recital was sufficient to fix in his mind whatever became the object of his attention. After having spent seven years in the most celebrated universities of Italy and France, he arrived at Rome in the 21st year of his age, with a reputation of being acquainted with twenty-two different languages. Eager to sig-

nalise himself as a disputant, he proposed for public debate nine hundred questions, on mathematical, theological and scholastic subjects, including also enquiries into the most abstruse points of the Hebraic, Chaldaic, and Arabic tongues. Some objections being made by the Romish prelates to some of his propositions, to vindicate his labours he composed a Latin treatise of considerable extent, said to have been written in the space of twenty days. The few pieces which remain of his Latin poetry induce us to regret the severity of their author.... These poems he had arranged in five books, which he submitted to the correction of his friend Politiano, who, having performed this task, returned them to their author, with an elegant apology for the freedoms he had taken. Soon afterwards Pico committed his five books to the flames. If the works thus destroyed were equal in merit to his Latin elegy addressed to Girolano Benivieni, posterity have indeed reason to lament the loss.

The celebrated Politiano says of him "He was a man or rather a hero on whom nature had lavished all the endowments both of body and mind. Erect and elegant in his figure, there was something in his person almost divine. Of a perspicacious mind, a wonderful memory, indefatigable in study, distinct and eloquent in speech, it seems doubtful whether he was more conspicuous for his talents or his virtues. Intimately conversant with every department of philosophy, improved and invigorated by the knowledge of various languages, and of every honourable science, it may truly be said that no commendation is equal to his praise.

SINGULAR ACCOUNT

OF WHAT MAY BE EFFECTED BY RIGID

ŒCONOMY.

FROM ANDREWS' ANECDOTES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

The following letter contains an instance of the most excellent domestic management, which imagination can conceive. It may be depended on, for facetious as the writer is known to be, he never indulges his humour at the expence of his veracity; and he avers every circumstance there related to be literally true.

"You ask me what I have seen in my ramble, worth relating. You are no antiquarian, I will not therefore tease you with the ruined abbeys, Gothic castles, Roman and Danish camps or Druidical circles, but confine my narrative to a human curiosity.... This is a Mr. Osbaldston, an attorney's clerk, and spite of the popular prejudices against his profession, said to be an honest man. This you will allow to be a curiosity, but that is not all. This

honest limb of the law is married, and has, at least, half a dozen children, all of whom, with as many couple of hounds, and a brace of hunters, he maintains out of, how much do you think: Guess a little, I pray you. Why then, to support himself, a wife, six children, twelve dogs, and two horses, he has not a penny more than sixty pounds per annum! And, if possible to increase the miracle, he did this in London for many years, paying every body their own, and keeping a tight coat for sundays and holidays. But I will try to explain this seeming paradox. After the expiration of the time which Mr. Osbaldeston owed his master, he acted as an accountant for the butchers in Clare-market, who paid him in offal; the choicest morsels of this, he selected for himself and family, and with the rest he fed his hounds, which he kept in his garret. His horses were lodged in his cellar, and fed on grains from a neighbouring brewhouse, and on damaged corn, with which he was supplied by a corn-chandler, whose books he kept in order. Once or twice a week, in the season, he hunted, and by giving a hare now and then, to the farmers over whose grounds he sported, secured their good-will, and permission. Besides which, several gentlemen, struck with his extraordinary œconomy, winked at his going over their manors with his moderate pack.

"Accident has since, removed this uncommon man to Lewes, in Sussex county, where, on the same stipend, he continues to maintain the same family. Curiosity led me to visit this extraordinary party about their dinner time. The two-legged part of it were clean, though not superfluously clothed, and seemed to live like brothers with the surrounding animals. It looked somewhat like the golden age. Mr. O. himself seemed and acted like the father of these quadrupeds, as well as the bipeds, and as such, decided with the utmost impartiality, for master Jackey having taken a bone from Jowler, he commanded instant restitution. And on the other hand, Doxy, having snatched a piece of liver from miss Dorothea, was obliged, on the spot, to restore it to the young lady.

"On enquiry, I found that Mr. O. was the younger son of a gentleman of good family, but small fortune, in the north of England, and that having imprudently married one of his father's servants, he was turned out of doors, with no other fortune than a southern hound, big with pup, whose offspring has since been a source of profit and amusement to him."

F. G.

ANECDOTES OF
MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Many curious MS. papers relative to Mary Queen of Scots are to be met with in the library of the Scots college at Paris. The

last time David Hume was in that city, the learned and excellent principal of the college shewed them to him, and asked him, why he had pretended to write her history in an unfavourable manner, without consulting them? David, on being told this, looked over some letters that the principal put into his hands, and though not much used to the melting mood, burst into tears. Had Mary written the memoirs of her own life, how interesting must they have been; a queen, a beauty, a wit, a scholar, in distress, must have laid hold of the heart of every reader; and there is all the reason in the world to suppose that she would have been candid and impartial. Mary, indeed, completely contradicted the observation made by the learned Selden, in this Table talk, "that men are not troubled to hear men dispraised, because they know that though one be naught, there is still worth in others; but *women* are mightily troubled to hear any of themselves spoken against, as if the sex itself were guilty of some unworthiness:" for when one of the Cecil family, minister to Scotland from England in Mary's reign, was speaking of the wisdom of his sovereign Queen Elizabeth, Mary stopped him short, by saying, "Seigneur chevalier, ne me parlez jamais de la sagesse d'une femme; je connois bien mon sexe; la plus sage de nous toutes n'est qu'un peu moins sotte ques les autres." The pictures in general supposed to be those of this unfortunate princess, differ very much from one another, and all of them from the gold medal struck of her and her husband Francis the second at Paris, and which is now in Dr. Hunter's museum in Wind-mill-street, London This medal represents her as having a turned-up nose. Mary, however, was so graceful in her figure, that when at one of the processions of the host at Paris, she was carrying the wafer in the pix, a woman burst through the crowd to touch her, to convince herself that she was not an angel.

Mary was so learned, that at the age of fifteen years she pronounced a Latin oration of her own composition before the whole court of France at the Louvre.

A very curious account of her execution was published in France soon after that event, and it appears by that, that on her body's falling after decapitation, her favourite spaniel jumped out of her clothes. Immediately before her execution she repeated the following Latin prayer, composed by herself; which has lately been set to a very solemn and affecting glee for three voices, by the ingenious Dr. Harrington, of Bath.

O Domine Deus, speravi in te!
O care mi Jesu, nunc libera me!
In durà, catenà, in miserà pœnà, dessidero te!
Languendo, gemendo, & genuflectendo.
Adoro, imploro. ut liberes me!

For the Observer.

OBSERVATIONS OF A VENDEAN
ON THE LAST NEWS FROM EUROPE —(JUNE, 1807.)

"I have hardened my forehead like marble to withstand the shock of my opposers; I have cried aloud like a watchful centinel who has seen the enemy advance; I will raise my voice like a trumpet, to announce to the people the day of rage, and to the chiefs of the people the day of calamity!"

Discourse of M. de Noe, Bishop of Lescars, p. 54.—1785.

Another battle; the battle of *Friedland*, which has just taken place, has amply justified the conjecture, to which, long ago, the inaction alone of the coalesced powers had given birth. (1) It is true, that, according to the English papers, on the authority *of a gentleman of much respectability*, but *anonymous*, that the 78th French bulletin, which contains the military details of this great event, is contradicted; and that the retreat of the *victorious* Benningsen is represented as a manœuvre dictated by *prudence*.

This style is indeed *prudent;* because it would be too much for the hilarity of John Bull to learn at once the affront offered him at the Dardanelles, the defeat in Egypt, the rupture with the United States; the danger which threatens the East Indies, and the dissolution of the coalition.

In fact a second victory is henceforth without doubt, more certain than was that of Friedland, balanced by all the force which Russia and Prussia could assemble in four months. Thus, whether the action which must have followed this first, took place in order to cover Konigsberg, if it did not fall into the hands of the victor, in consequence of the battle of Friedland; whether it took place to dispute the passage of the *Niemen*; the intelligence of a new disaster must be expected every moment.

Undoubtedly it will not be believed that the cession of Malta will be the only condition which Bonaparte will henceforth require. Whatever may be said, peace is more dangerous to him than war, and he has no reason to be in haste to conclude it, unless on terms which will render him master of the world; and which will preserve him forever from a new coalition.

Thus the restoration of *Gibraltar* to Spain, as an indemnity for the losses which the Spanish navy has experienced in fighting for France, and for the invasion of her colonies in South America; the cession to France of important points in the East Indies; that also of Canada, so necessary for the restoration of the French navy, and to give France a respectable post for SUPERINTENDING THE UNITED STATES; such are some of the conditions which it is easy to perceive the conquerer will impose as the guarantee of his security, in his first negotiation.

In such a situation, with regard to which the ministry of Great Britain cannot be deceived, it is perfectly natural, that they should *implore* and gather together every resource to delay this terrible denouement; which may yet throw some impe-

(1) *See the 6th No. of the Observer—8th of August.*

diments in the gigantic march of an enemy, who has vowed against them a war of extinction.

Nothing, therefore, is more probable than the publication of this *proclamation* issued at Stralsund, and of which the London papers speak under the date of 2d July, to offer Louis THE XVIII. to the French armies, as their only legitimate chief; as the sacred head they ought to protect with their swords, and around whom honour and patriotism command that they should press, to reconduct the Bourbons in triumph to the palace of Versailles.

But is it at the period we have now reached, that the coalition could calculate on such levies? too many bloody examples have paralysed the courage of the royalists: too much dishonesty on the part of the powers has rendered them distrustful; too many victims have thinned their ranks! too many chiefs have been taken from them, either by interest or tragically, for such a tardy proclamation to answer any other end, than that of making yet a few more dupes and victims.

If the Cabinets of Europe, had had upright and honourable intentions towards the Bourbons, and their partisans; if the powers had had a sense of their real situation; if they would have perceived that the catastrophe of the throne of France was a common danger for all existing governments; (as it has been a thousand times demonstrated to them.) there was a moment, when the proclamation of Stralsund, now so puerile, might yet have been a blow of annihilation to the *Corsican faction*.

It was when the assassination of the Duke D'Enghein had revolted all hearts; when the death of Georges and Pichegru had touched every soul with the interest which the fall of heroes inspires; it was when the armies were alike affected and indignant at the proscription of general Moreau, and so many other officers; it was when the establishment of the concordat shocked many opinions, and when the recent usurpation of the sovereign authority, revolted the republicans in France, as well as the royalists: it was then: it was then that the privileges of the Germanic empire, violated in so flagrant a manner by the arrestation of the Duke d'Enghien, should have been protested against. It was then that the *Bourbons* should have been spoken of; that their rights should have been authentically acknowledged: instead of their being kept in a state of privacy, which *dishonoured* them in the eyes of a warlike nation; and which suffered them to sink into a shameful and fatal oblivion!! It was then that the grandsire of the last of the *Conde's* should have been permitted to ask vengeance of the French soldiers themselves for the yet smoking blood of the Duke d'Enghein.

Far from this, at the recommencement of hostilities not a word was said by any of the powers, in favour of the illustrious house of Bourbon; in favour of the ancient monarchy of France, and the soldiers of honour buried in obscurity, overwhelmed

with misfortunes, and reduced to endure in silence a thousand outrages, and to whiten with foam the bit which machiavelism and necessity had so unworthily imposed on them.

No, it is not in 1807, that *a proclamation* can be a weapon... The victory of Jena; the annihilation of Prussia; the invasion of Saxony and Poland; the uninterrupted triumphs, the recital of which have wearied and surprised the universe for eight months; success, in a word, has already placed an age of prescription betwixt the usurpation of Bonaparte and the battle of Friedland: and it would argue but *little* knowledge of the French especially, to suppose that so much eclat with which Bonaparte so ingeniously continually associates them, had not ere now identified their interests.....For eighteen years, the revolution has existed; those who were then born, and are now soldiers, neither knew the merits and advantages of the ancient regime, nor the crimes of the new. Military glory is every thing for them, as well as for those who were but children when these great events were decided, and are now general officers.... On another side, an enormous mass of the nation are accomplices in the excesses or errours of the revolution. By dint of incessantly repeating the same calumnies, the people have been impressed with an opinion unfavourable to the Bourbons, and it is this which renders the craft of foreign cabinets towards the French princes so much more CRIMINAL, *atrocious* and *irreparable*, because they have thus robbed the name of *Bourbon* of the powerful and honourable prestige which might have united the French under the *white standard;* and that this prestige cannot be revived after having been for eighteen years neglected, null and forgotten.

Yes, Great Britain sufficiently demonstrated her good will towards the Bourbons and the royalists of France, when she permitted that a brother of Louis the XVI., the Count of Artois, then lieutenant-general of the kingdom of France, should *be arrested* for debt by a sheriff in the streets of London; when she held this prince in a state of humiliation, and as it were in banishment at Edinburgh, removed from the knowledge of the course of events; when she exacted an oath of allegiance from the French emigrants under arms, instead of considering them as auxiliaries and soldiers only to the king of France. When she even forbid those of the French emigrants who wore the uniform and the cockade of Great Britain, to wear the sword in England, in order that they might be insulted with impunity, or reduced to box like butchers or draymen.

This system continued to develope itself, when the English government interdicted the French gentlemen who were in its service, even to enter the fortifications of Great Britain; when the English fleets going *publickly* to disembark an army of emigrants at Quiberon, their admirals were not empowered to claim a *cartel of exchange* for the prisoners of war, who had fought in

view of the English army; and that 1100 of these unfortunate soldiers were shot, to the disgrace of the British colours, under the eyes of English generals!

In short, Great Britain gave the measure of the confidence which the royalists should place in her caresses, when she retained inactive in the *Ile D'Yeu*, the Count d'Artois, brother to the king, with the regular troops which he was leading to the assistance of the *Vendeans*; troops, which joined to the presence of a French prince, would have indubitably occasioned the triumph of la Vendee, in saving it from the discord, the rivalship and the anarchy which injured it more than all the cruelties of Robespierre and his successors, and their barbarous agents.

(To be concluded in our next.)

POETS, PHILOSOPHERS, AND ARTISTS,
MADE BY ACCIDENT.

Accident has frequently occasioned the most eminent geniuses to display their powers. Father Mallebranche will serve for an example. Having completed his studies in philosophy, and theology, without any other intention than devoting himself to some religious order, he little expected to become of such celebrity as his works have made him. Loitering, in an idle hour, in the shop of a bookseller, in turning over a parcel of books, *L'Homme de Descartes* fell into his hands. Having dipt into some parts, he was induced to peruse the whole. It was this circumstance that produced those profound contemplations which gave birth to so many beautiful compositions in Physics, Metaphysics, and Morality, which have made him pass for the Plato of his age.

Cowley became a poet by accident. In his mother's apartment he found, when very young, Spencer's Fairy Queen; and, by a continual study of poetry, he became so enchanted of the Muse, that he grew irrecoverably a Poet.

We owe to the deformities of Pope's person the inimitable beauties of his elaborate verse.

Dr. Johnson informs us, that the late great painter of the present age, had the first fondness for his art excited by the perusal of Richardson's Treatise.

Helvetius furnishes me with the following additional instances:

M. Vaucanson displayed an uncommon genius for mechanics. His taste was first determined by this accident: he, when very young, frequently attended his mother to the residence of her confessor; and while she wept with repentance, he wept with weariness! In this state of disagreeable vacation he was struck with the uniform motion of the pendulum of the clock in the hall. His curiosity was roused; he approached the clock case,

and studied its mechanism; what he could not discover, he guessed at. He then projected a similar machine; and grdually his genius produced a clock. Encouraged hy this first success, he proceeded in his various attempts; and the genius which thus could form a clock, in time formed a fluting automaton.

It was a chance of the same kind which inspired our great Milton to write his Epics. Milton, '*fallen on evil days*,' was happy to be enabled to retire; and it was in the leisure of retreat and disgrace he executed the poem which he had projected in his youth; and which enabled our nation to boast of a work which is rivalled by none, if we except the Italians.

'If Shakespere's imprudence had not obliged him to quit his wool trade, and his town; if he had not engaged with a company of actors, and at length, disgusted with being an indifferent performer, he had not turned author; the prudent woolseller had never been the celebrated poet.'

'Accident determined the taste of Moliere for the stage.... His grandfather loved the theatre, and frequently carried him there. The young man lived in dissipation: the father observing it, asked, in anger, if his son was to be made an actor.... 'Would to God' replied the grandfather, 'he was as good an actor as Montrose.'' The words struck young Moliere; he took a disgust to his tapestry trade; and it is to this circumstance France owes her greatest comic writer.'

'Corneille loved; he made verses for his mistress, became a poet, composed Melite, and afterwards his other celebrated pieces. The discreet Cornelle had remained a lawyer.'

'Thus it is, that the devotion of a mother, the death of Cromwell, deer-stealing, the exclamation of an old man, and the beauty of a woman, have given five illustrious characters to Europe.

THE NOSE, EYE AND MOUTH.

These are the three features, which so embellish and ennoble the human countenance. The nose marks man from brutes, and is a general index of the characters of men. But the nose is not much, after all. Its use consists mostly in its being the sentry-box, where the sense of smell holds its watch over taste, to give the alarm of the approach of offence. The organ of smell is the medium of but little pleasant sensation to the brain; and there is but little sentiment to be extracted from odour, however fragrant. It is, poor thing, destined to suffer much annoyance, as it cannot close itself against the entrance of that which it abhors.

The eye is the inlet of all that is beautiful in nature. It is the loop-hole of our earthly castle, out of which the soul loves to look on the broad domains, which surround it. In physiognomy, the eye is unquestionably one of the strongest principles. It expresses all the strong and powerful evolutions of the soul

but it is no index to its minuter operations. As a feature, it is filled with honour and love. How sublime is man with an eye of Mars, in the front of Jove; how lovely is woman, with a blue eye, melting under a falling eye-lash. How sorrowful is she, when the lustre of this blue eye, is dimmed with tear-drops; and how holy are these tears, when seen through those, which pity has started in our own!

But how shall I speak of the mouth? How trace the eternally variable line of the lip? How shall I follow the thousand evanescent motions that play about it? How bewitching is it, at the starting of a smile; how lovely, as it gathers to close upon it. How pure is it, just opening with sorrow; how tremulous under the touches of pity! In joy, how expressive; in love how melting. How does it exceed all that nature has done!... How supreme is it over art! How much more brilliant is it, than coral inlaid with pearls.

In *Sir John Sinclair's* statistical account of Scotland, it is mentioned, that over the Burn, or rivulet Paharrow, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, is a handsome stone bridge, of two arches, built by Quintin Maclurg, a taylor, from the earnings of his trade, which never exceeded four pence a day. His life had frequently been endangered, when passing this Burn in the prosecution of his business, and he patriotically determined, that none after him should ever be brought into such jeopardy.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are charmed to find that FREDERICK again attunes his lyre...and that, tho' dormant so long, it has not lost its melody.

As the Military Considerations from which we have published some extracts are now in the press, and will speedily be presented to the public, we shall suspend their continuation in the Observer.

For the Observer.

HISTORICAL EPHEMERIS.

22d August, 1782, a dreadful conflagration took place in Constantinople, which consumed 10,000 houes, 50 mosques, and 100 corn mills. This year had been already fatal to this capital. The 10th of June preceding, 700 houses had been burned, and the 19th of February, 600 more were destroyed by the same scourge.

22d August, 1798...Descent of a small corps of 1,500 French in Ireland, under the orders of general Hardi, at Killala Bay. This expedition supported itself against the whole English army until the 7th of September following, when it capitulated.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Observer.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH A PRESENT OF A PERENNIAL ROSE.

This Rose, that will its bloom unfold
In summer's heat, or winter's cold,
May serve, enchanting maid, to prove
An emblem of my faithful love.

As, by thy care, the rose will thrive,
So, by thy kindness, I shall live:
But if neglected by thine eye,
The rose will fade, and I shall die.

L. G.

SELECTED POETRY.

SONNET.

As all things perish and decay,
So did that happiness I mourn,
On silent pinion fleet away,
Ah! never, never to return.
At fortune's feet forlorn I lie:
Would she again propitious strew
Her favours, who more blest than I,
Could I the moments past renew!

No pleasure, palm, or wreath I claim,
No wealth or triumph seek to find;
For all my wish and all my aim
Is to retrieve my peace of mind.
Ah, fortune! thy returning smile
Would change to bliss my destiny,
And every gloomy thought beguile,
Though fate should other joys deny.

Fond wish! impossible and vain,
No power on this terrestial ball
Can Time's unwearied foot detain,
Or his accomplished flight recal.
He forward flies, nor looks behind;
And those miscarriage will pursue,
Who hope the fugitive to bind,
Or bring the future scenes to view.

Perplex'd with hopes and fears I live,
Though death at once would ease my pain;
What folly then for me to grieve,
Who can that easy cure obtain?
No! yet a wiser course I'll steer,
Resolved my fortune still to try,
Until those happier days appear,
In Time's dark womb that ripening lie.

A TALE

OF THE XIITH CENTURY....FROM THE FRENCH.

THE GENTLE BACHELOR.

WHAT gentle bachelor is he
Sword begot in fighting field,
Rock'd and cradled in a shield,
Whose infant food a helm did yield?
On lion's flesh he makes his feast,
Thunder lulls him to his rest;
His dragon-front doth all defy,
His lion-heart, and libbard-eye,
His teeth that like boars' tushes are,
His tiger-fierceness, drunk with war.
Pondrous as a mace his fist
Down descends where-e'er it list,
Down, with bolt of thunder's force,
Bears to earth both knight and horse.
Keener far than falcon's sight
His eye pervades the clouds of fight;
And at tourney's 'tis his play
To change the fortune of the day,
Wielding well his helpful arm,
Void of fear, as nought might harm.
O'er the seas to English ground,
Be some rare adventure found,
Or to Jura's mount he hies;
These are his festivities.
In the fields of battle join'd,
Like to straws before the wind
All his foes avoid his hand,
None that deadly brunt may stand.
Him in joust may no man see
But still with foot from stirrup free,
Knight and courser casting down
Oft with mortal dint o'erthrown;
Nor shield of bark, nor steel, nor lance,
Aught may ward the dire mischance.
When he slumbers, when he sleeps,
Still on head his helm he keeps;
Other pillow fits not him
Stern of heart and stout of limb.
Broken swords, and spears that fail,
And the shatter'd hauberk's mail,
These compose the warriours treat
Of poignant sauce or comfits sweet:
And dust he quaffs in fields of death,
And quaffs the panting courser's breath.
When the lusty chase he tries,
On foot o'er hill and dale he hies;
Lion, rutting hart, or bear,
He joys to seek and slaughter there.
Wealth to all throughout the land
Wide he deals with lavish hand.

J. ROBINSON, PRINTER.